

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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CONTENTS OF NO. 6.

HEIRSHIP	61
TEN PRAYERS TO ONE THANKSGIVING	61
THE STILL HOUR	63
THE BIBLE CLASS	63
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	65
NATURAL HISTORY	67
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL	68
AMUSEMENT COLUMN	69
LETTER FROM THE EDITOR	70
IMPORTANT NOTICES	72

HEIRSHIP.

Heir of all the ages, I,—
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought!
Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way;
All their labors, all their prayers,
Sanctify this present day.
Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years;
Heir of all the faith sublime,
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that Time
To earth's fainting sons hath given,
Aspirations pure and high,
Strength to do and to endure,
Heir of all the ages, I,—
Lo! I am no longer poor.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

Where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one;
And whatsoever is willed, is done!

—*Whittier.*

TEN PRAYERS TO ONE THANKSGIVING.

"Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine?"

Ten prayers, but only one thanksgiving. That disproportion is about what one may find all through life. People are always so much more ready to think of what they want than of what they have.

It is just in these common things that we want this lesson. For life in its common elements is a wonderful thing, with its curious, intricate machinery of power, and its infinite play of emotion, and its numberless avenues of pleasure in the natural life. A night's sleep, what a miracle of mercy it is! and a new day and the waking up with health to face it,—ay, even a pleasant meal with one's household, is not that worth a thanksgiving? Or an interesting book, an hour with an old friend, a Sunday's quiet resting after a strained and weary week, or some new light of interest or meaning in one's favorite line of study,—it is such things as these, far more than great special blessings, which make up the sum of a happy life. And it is such things, if one would but think of them more, and not be always taking them as a matter of course, which would fill our days with thanksgivings. We might not be always shaping them into words. Some people have a great objection to words: they think words are apt to become so formal. Well, then, say your thanks to the Lord silently, only mind you do say them. For my own part, I think it is better for some of these little ownings of God's goodness to come right out in speech,—in graces and momentary thanksgivings,—especially for those things which we enjoy together. Of course, such things may become formal, often do. But they need not be formal; and, even if they are

they still are better than nothing, helping to keep alive the thought of thankfulness and of how much we have to be thankful for in common life.

I lay more stress upon this spirit of thankfulness, because I am apt to think that it is about the best part of religion. To some it may even be the only possible part. There are people in the present day who tell me they cannot pray. Some have grown too sceptical about its being of any use. Others feel it almost impious to attempt to change the divine will, which must be wiser than anything they could ask. And, then, the trouble is that such people fancy that, when they give up prayer, everything is gone; that religion, or at any rate piety,—the warm expression of religion,—is all at an end. But it is not so. There comes to my mind the saying of an old man whom I knew in my younger days, one of the noblest of our old Lancaster worthies. He was a man known far and wide for his sturdy integrity, a man of hearty piety, too. One day when he had been acting as arbitrator, one of the parties thought he had not judged fairly,—men often do think so when the decision goes against them,—and he exclaimed indignantly to my old friend, "Man, do you ever pray?" My old friend answered: "Nay, I don't know that I do. I don't think I've ought to pray for, but I do a bit of thanksgiving now and then."

I always liked that answer. There was a good deal of wisdom in it, and true piety, too. So, if any of you hesitate about praying, be all the more careful to "do a bit of thanksgiving." Any one can pray. The most irreligious man, let him only be in trouble or danger enough, will begin to cry out for God's help and mercy. But there is very little religion in that: it is only like a drowning man clutching at a straw. But if a man thinks of God when he is in prosperity and health, thinks of him and of these things as his mercies, so as to break out now and then into "a bit of thanksgiving," then that is real religion. Yes, we want more of this kind of piety among us. I should not like to say that our religion has too much praying in it, but I am sure we have too little thanksgiving.

One thing further: this more thankful spirit would not only help us to see our

blessings in a brighter light, it would help us just as much in life's darkness and trouble. The best teacher of trust is thankfulness. Any one who feels habitually how much there is to be thankful for will not be so likely to feel dismayed when troubles come. Have you never heard that cry out of some sore affliction: "What have I done to deserve this? Oh, what can I have done that all this should happen to me?" A thankful heart will sometimes feel like using the very same expression, only it will be for exactly the opposite occasion. And that is the true thing. When you feel the joy of being alive, when things are going well with you, when some great, tender blessing has come quietly into your life, then say as much as you please, "What have I done to deserve all this?" If we thought this, and said it oftener, in the spirit of thankfulness, we should not be dismayed by even the saddest calamity, but should be able to stand up and face it with the uplifted brow of strong, immovable trust.

And so we should not be afraid for the future, either in this world or any other. There are some people who are always worrying themselves about what is going to be. They want to walk all by sight. Sometimes this mistrust about the future takes the form of anxiety for that dim, unknown way which lies in the beyond. How is it going to be there? It seems such a dark, strange thing to leave all that is bright and real here, and go on into that vague and voiceless mystery. This anxiety is commonly regarded as religious, yet I think it ought to be looked upon as about the reverse. Does it not seem rather pitiful that those who have lived in this world of God's for any length of time should not be able to trust him for their future? Many years ago I was visiting a man upon his death-bed who was troubled in just this way, in perhaps its saddest form. He was haunted by anxiety as to whether he might be sure of being saved. It was not that he had anything specially upon his conscience: few men less. His mind was distracted and uneasy. "Could he be sure of going to heaven?" he used to ask me every time I went to see him. I tried all I could to make him feel the love of God, and be willing to trust him. One day I had specially urged him to pray. "Pray!" he said. "I do

pray. Fifty times a day I pray, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner'; and it does not do me a bit of good." And I said to him: "Well, then, suppose you leave off praying, and I'll tell you what to do. Instead of saying, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner,' say and keep on saying, 'O God, how merciful hast thou been to me, a sinner!'" It was a totally new idea to him. It set his thoughts running in a new direction. And in that dwelling upon how merciful God had already been he gradually lost all his fear. Simple thanksgiving taught him what no argument could ever teach him,—trust. And, when in a little while he passed away, it was in that sweet and happy and intelligent peace which makes death beautiful.

Yes, thankfulness is the spirit both for living and dying. Let the Lord be your song, and the Lord will be your salvation. Live in a thankful spirit, and you will find more and more to be thankful for. Begin by resolving not to forget your mercies, and you will gradually come to feel the thought of them a constant inspiration of happiness. It shall bless each day's waking with a new strength and each night's resting with a deeper peace. When weariness and trouble are your portion, you will "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." When all goes well, your heart—as Mrs. Browning puts it—shall

"Sing a low, contented song, and knock at Paradise."

And so shall life be full of that inner light which shall shine out on all things, and keep shining on forever.—*Brooke Herford.*

THE STILL HOUR.

HARVEST.

We own thy hand, O God, in all
The wide-spread harvest yield,
The loving-kindness that has crowned
Our garden and our field.
We bless thee for our sheltered homes,
With their affection true,
With all their wealth of social joy,
And scope thy work to do;
For all that tends to spirit growth
And larger liberty,
Anoints our eyes to clearer sight,
And holds us nearer thee;
For all that makes thy comfort dear,
That brings us strength and grace,

And aids us e'en through clouds to see
The shining of thy face.

We bless thee for the tiny feet
That walk beside us here;
For childhood's merry music sweet,
Its trust that knows no fear;
And for the little ones who stayed
Within our homes awhile,
And left us with the angel grace
Of parting word and smile.

Not for our pain, our breaking hearts,
O God, we cannot bring
Our thanks for these, but over all
The shadow of thy wing.
Thou hast not left our souls alone:
In ways unknown, unsought,
Thy love sustaining power hath shown,
Its nameless comfort brought.

That they have lived, we thank thee, Lord,
That they are still our own;
And thin the veil that hides from us
The glory round them thrown,
The glory of thy gift and grace,
That now, with clasping hand,
We walk within, and see thy face
And need not understand;

That not afar doth lie their home,
Nor ever change their love:
Our Father's mansions hold us all,
Though seeming to remove.
Thanks for our sweet home gatherings, Lord,
Our cup that runneth o'er;
For the communion of the saints
We bless thee even more.

We bless thee for our faith and hope,
The promise thou hast given,
And for the glorious harvest home
That waits for us in heaven.
For him who came that home to point,
To lead the living way,
The child in Bethlehem's manger born,
We thank thee most to-day.

—*Mary Johnson.*

THE BIBLE CLASS.

ACTS V. ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA. SECOND ARREST OF THE APOSTLES.

1-11. *The story of Ananias and Sapphira.*
The Cambridge Bible notices that only a truthful narrator would have inserted here this story, since it is a mortifying instance of hypocrisy and fraud in the beautiful history of the early church. One peculiarity of the authors of the New Testament stories

is the candor and simplicity with which they tell facts little to their own credit.

The distinguished agnostic lecturer, Ingersoll, remarks on the injustice of punishing a falsehood by death, making an arbitrary sentence of what was, no doubt, a natural effect. There are instances on record where the public exposure of hypocrisy and dishonesty has produced death. In the highly wrought mental and spiritual condition of the members of the early church it was not strange that death should on this occasion have been almost instantaneous. Peter does not seem to foresee the result in what he says to Ananias, but his words to Sapphira look as if he knew that she would be struck down at once. Therefore only the consciousness of a great danger threatening the church would seem to excuse his using such language to her. In her case the knowledge of her husband's death made the shock greater.

6. "Wound him up." That is, wrapped him in a winding-sheet. Rapid burial was made necessary, partly by the climate and partly by the idea of ceremonial defilement from contact with a corpse. Still, it seems strange that his wife should not have even been informed of his death.

The apostles seem to have had a place of burial belonging to them. The sin of Ananias and Sapphira was not in withholding a part of their property, but in claiming credit which they did not deserve. Some natures really do not see a fault except when punished by the consequences. No doubt, death from exposure was a more merciful fate than a life of hypocrisy.

12-16. A picturesque description of the cures wrought by the apostles. No doubt, they were reminded of the early days of Jesus at Capernaum and of his later promise, "Greater works than these shall ye do." The mild climate allowed the sick to be laid out of doors without injury. Perhaps the fresh air was an element in the cure, as the pilgrimages to shrines in mediæval days.

17-32. Second arrest of the apostles, and defence before the Sanhedrin.

"In the common prison" should be "in the public ward." As before, the prison was not for punishment, but for safe-keeping until the apostles should be examined.

"An angel of the Lord." Not "the

angel." Plumptre and the Cambridge Bible think there is no doubt that Luke intends by "angel" a spiritual being. Farrar says nothing on this point. I see no reason for regarding the "angel" as anything but a man. Whoever released them would be "an angel" to them, and would seem to be sent by God. But they would not be likely to expose him to danger by giving his name.

The apostles did not flee, but went to the Temple, where they would easily be found, and composedly continued their teaching of the people.

When the Sanhedrin assembled, the apostles were again brought before them, the charge against them being that they had disobeyed the previous injunction, not to preach in the name of Jesus.

Peter answered boldly, very much in the same manner that he had done before:—

"We ought to obey God rather than men. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree."

Better, "hanged on a tree, and slew." It is interesting, as a side question, to notice the use of the word "tree" for "cross." When a language is in process of making, an article is often called by the name of the substance from which it is made, as, for instance, "penna" means feather (Latin), and also means "pen," the first pens being formed from the feathers of geese. We have several nouns compounded with the word "tree" because denoting something made of the wood of a tree, as "axle-tree," and "roof-tree."

The Sanhedrin were very angry; and, although this body was usually unwilling to shed blood, the apostles might have been sacrificed to its wrath, had it not been for the speech of Gamaliel.

Gamaliel was a Pharisee. Paul was one of his pupils, which alone would suffice to make him interesting. It does not seem probable that he was in secret sympathy with the Christians, since he lived and died a Pharisee.

Farrar says: "All that Gamaliel seems to have meant was this: Let these men alone at present. As far as we can see, they are only the victims of a harmless delusion. There is nothing seditious in their practice, nothing subversive in their doctrine. Even if there were, we should have nothing

to fear from them and no need to adopt violent measures of precaution. Fanaticism and imposture are short-lived, even when backed by popular insurrection; but in the views of these men there may be something more than at present appears. Some germ of truth, some gleam of revelation, may inspire their singular enthusiasm, and to fight against this may be to fight against God. Gamaliel's plea was not so much a plea for a systematic tolerance as for temporary caution."

37. "The days of the taxing." Not the "taxing" mentioned in Luke ii., which was really a sort of census. The revolt of Judas of Galilee was caused by the imposition of a money tax.

It has been said that as Gamaliel places the revolt of this Judas after the insurrection of Theudas, while Josephus mentions a Theudas who dates after Judas, the account here must be inaccurate.

Farrar says on this point: "He [that is Baur, the leader of the Tübingen School] does not offer any proof that the Theudas here alluded to is identical with the Theudas of Josephus or that Josephus must necessarily be right and Saint Luke necessarily wrong.

"Hansrath rejects the statement that Paul was 'brought up at the feet of Gamaliel,' on the ground that Paul calls himself 'a zealot' for the traditions of the fathers, and must therefore have belonged to the school of Shammai. Now of what value is a criticism which contemptuously, and I may even say calumniously, contradicts a writer whose accuracy, in matters where it can be thoroughly tested, receives striking confirmation from the most opposite sources? It would have been, rightly considered, a very trivial blot on Saint Luke's accuracy if he had fallen into some slight confusion about the enrolment of Quirinus, the tetrarchy of Abilene, the Ethnarch under Aretas, the Asiarchs of Ephesus, the 'Prætors' of Philippi, the 'Politarchs' of Thessalonica, the 'Protos' of Malta, or the question whether 'Pro-prætor' or 'Pro-consul' was, in the numerous changes of these days, the exact official title of the Roman governor of Cyprus or Corinth. On several of these points he has been triumphantly charged with ignorance and error; and on all these points his minute exactitude has been com-

pletely vindicated or rendered extremely probable. In every historical allusion—as, for instance, the characters of Gallio, Felix, Festus, Agrippa II., Ananias, the famine in the days of Claudius, the decree to expel Jews from Rome, the death of Agrippa I., the rule of Aretas at Damascus, the Italian band, etc.—he has been shown to be perfectly faithful to facts. Are we to charge him with fraudulent assertions about Paul's relation to Gamaliel on the questionable supposition that, after reaching the age of manhood, the pupil deviated from his teacher's doctrines?"

L. F. C.

(We have been obliged to omit the account of the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Esenes this month, but will give it soon.)

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated, all books offered in this department are given, and the postage paid.*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Cheerful Letter Exchange Branch of the Second Church, Salem, Mass. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass. New correspondents will please send reference with first request: "The Semi-detached House," T. Lewis; "Two Men of Sandy Bar" (drama), Bret Harte; "Is that all?" "Memoir of Robert Chalmers"; "Aunt Jane's Hero," Mrs. E. Prentiss; "Life of H. W. Beecher"; "A Fallen Idol," F. Anstey; "Home Letters from the Mediterranean," Disraeli; *Youth's Companion* from 1883 to 1899.

The following books are offered by the First Church Branch, Salem, Mass. Address Miss A. D. Perkins, 5 Oliver Street, Salem, Mass. Andrews and Stoddard's "Latin Grammar"; Andrews's "Latin Reader"; Whitney's "German Grammar"; Franklin's "Fourth Reader"; Hillard's "Sixth Reader"; *Harper's Magazine* for 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894; "Good-bye," John Strange Winter; "Lumley, the Painter"; "Sophie Carmine."

REQUESTS.

[Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

P. Sivyer, Cerro, Toas County, New Mexico, asks for reading and knitting patterns. Cerro is a small place with no Amer-

icans but the store-keeper and one old couple. P. Sivyer will pass on to them what she receives.

Rev. John W. Brown, Dockery, North Carolina, asks for the "Prince of the House of David."

Mrs. Holt writes: "I write you not only to thank you for past favors, but to see if among your supply there is a 'Geography of the Heavens,' 'Chaucer,' 'Faerie Queene' (Spenser) 'Elements of Rhetoric and Composition,' an Algebra.

"And we were wishing the other day we had 'Red Rock,' by Nelson Page, to read; for it is said to be true to the *ante-bellum* times. Any books that you think would interest children up to fifteen, who are striving to learn a little something, and are at ebb-tide financially, will be acceptable." (Mrs.) L. E. Abbott Holt, Morganton, Burke County, North Carolina.

I live in the country and have a poor chance to get anything to read; and I would be so glad if I could get books, magazines, and papers of any kind of standard writers to read, and will pass them on, that others may read them. Mrs. Maud Walters, Pine Grove, Texas.

Mrs. Rosa B. Hawkins, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, asks for reading for herself and two little children.

Mrs. Cora L. Lancaster, Haycock, Virginia, asks for Cramp's "Baptist History" or any literature which will be a help to her husband, who is a Baptist missionary minister.

Mrs. Laura Vaughn, Centralia, Indian Territory, is anxious to receive McGuffey's First or Fourth Reader or second part Geography.

As we live in the country, far from any libraries or bookstore, we seldom have any reading matter except the Bible or newspaper. I am a widow with two unmarried children, a son and daughter, who will enjoy anything sent to me. I will also lend to others. Would be glad of magazines or any reading matter. Mrs. Mary J. Brown, Heareford, North Carolina.

I would like so much to get some books, but the mail is so late I am nearly always too late when I write to *The Cheerful Letter*.

It is fifteen miles before the mail reaches the railroad, so my letters are at least a day late. I am not able to buy, and we all are fond of reading. I have five children with me. Mrs. J. T. Tuck, Rodney, North Carolina.

Dear Friends,—I will write to all you kind friends to let you know how badly Vivian V. Rucker was hurt by a vicious cow that was being driven down the road on the 24th of August. She rushed at her and threw her down, and bruised her badly and cut a dreadful place on her head. The doctor had to take seven or eight stitches in it, and has to come every day to dress it, and says it will be a month at best getting well. Pray for her and myself, too, all you nice, kind friends. Please put a notice of it in your paper, as I haven't stamps nor time to write to many friends at this time. Write letters to her to help her. Mrs. P. B. Rucker, Forks of Buffalo, Virginia.

Mrs. Bettie Maske, Polkton, North Carolina, will be thankful to receive Scudder's History of the United States and a primary geography.

Miss Edith Patton, National W. R. C. Home, Madison, Ohio, is anxious for "Samantha at the World's Fair." Miss Patton is an invalid.

NATURAL HISTORY.

COLLECTING ON A HICKORY LEAF.

Have you looked yet for the galls on the hickory leaf? And how many kinds did you find? As many as I have? Let us compare our success.

I described to you the acorn-like gall, the grub of which indicated by his structure that he belonged to the family of gall-wasps, usually called "gall-flies proper." I have found a similar grub in a gall which is smaller, and does not look like an acorn, but is two-chambered, like the acorn gall. The upper chamber opens on top; and its thin wall, broken into points, curls in toward the centre.

The most curious gall which I have found on the hickory leaves is also made by a gall-wasp. It is attached to the under surface of the leaf, and is the shape of a long, curved thorn or rose-prickle. The tip is sharp and

slender; and it widens suddenly at the base, making room within for the little round chamber in which the grub resides. At the very base it expands into a flat, jagged edged disk, the central point of which is attached to the leaf. These thorns vary a good deal. Some of them are nearly half an inch long, quite slender, and almost straight; and others will be found short, stubby, and much curved.

I have found also on the hickory leaves a good many galls whose larvæ, flatter, more or less orange-colored, and with a breast-bone, indicate that they belong to the family of gall-gnats.

One of these is a round gall, between an eighth and a quarter of an inch in diameter. It is furry like a peach, and has a hard, woody shell, with a single cavity in the interior. It is either pale green in color or else of the same brown color as the leaf.

Another gall, a little smaller, has a smooth, thin shell, with a minute point at its apex, and is darker brown in color than the "peach-gall."

I have found two specimens of a cylindrical, erect gall, three-sixteenths of an inch long, inserted in a sharp-edged socket in the leaf. There were many empty sockets in the same and other leaves, from which similar galls had probably fallen. There were also some sockets containing smaller, whiter, and more seed-like galls, which, I think, may have been immature specimens, as I found no grubs within.

I have found one or two specimens of a smooth, pear-shaped gall attached to the leaf by its broad end. It is three-eighths of an inch long. The shell is rather thin, and contains a single large orange grub.

All of these galls fall off quite easily from the leaf, being attached only by a minute point at the base. But I have found a great many large, brown hard-shelled galls, set in the substance of the leaf, but opening beneath by a hole which has four or five recurved teeth. Through this hole the tenants of the gall have escaped; but I think they were plant-lice, resembling those which are so injurious to our house plants in winter. Insects of this order do make galls on plants, which usually open by some such hole or slit; and I read that sixteen kinds have been found on the hickory.

C. H. Clarke.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[Contributions to this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.]

As no one else has felt impelled to comment on the article in the September number, on whipping, I am moved to make some remarks on this subject.

I can scarcely agree with the writer when she says that the subject is not often carefully considered. It seems to me that we hear the pros and cons frequently discussed. Neither is Solomon's admonition often quoted in these days (and the method was certainly not successful, if employed in the case of his own son, Rehoboam).

The advocates and the opponents of any system often spoil their case by over-statement. I remember Mrs. Helen Hunt saying (I quote from memory) that, in families where children are punished by whipping, they receive "at least one whipping a week." "Sometimes they receive more. Sometimes the whipping is very severe." These last words I recall.

Now I disbelieve in this form of punishment (although I think there are exceptions to almost every rule). But the person with whom I have had the most arguments on the subject,—a very gentle and sweet-tempered woman,—although firmly maintaining that "a little smart slapping was better than a protracted punishment," yet reserved it for extreme cases, and never used it after the children were five years old. Mrs. Hunt's arguments were not worth anything here. They could only be brought up when whippings were frequent and severe.

In the same way the writer of the present article allows but two methods,—that of always and angrily whipping and that of those who refrain from "selfish" motives, or "a mistaken idea that it was always wrong to inflict physical pain on a child."

This seems to be a hasty generalization, a rather slovenly form of statement. There are better arguments against whipping, and they deserve to be considered.

Hear what Jacob Abbott says: "There is no doubt that there is a tendency in such treatment to correct and cure the fault. But measures like these, whether successful or not, are certainly violent measures. They shock the whole nervous system, sometimes with the excitement of pain and terror, and

always, probably, with that of resentment and anger. In some cases this excitement is extreme. The excessively delicate organization of the brain, through which such agitations reach the sensorium, and which, in children of an early age, is in its most tender and sensitive state of development, is subjected to a most intense and violent agitation.

"The evil effects of this excessive cerebral action may, *perhaps*, pass entirely away in a few hours, and leave no trace of injury behind; but, on the other hand, there is certainly reason to fear that such commotions (especially if often repeated) tend to impede the regular and healthful development of the organs, and that they may become the origin of derangements, resulting very seriously in future years. It is impossible, perhaps, to know, with certainty, whether permanent ill effects follow in such cases or not."

The writer of the September article "has no feeling but gratitude to his [or her?] mother in remembering the punishments received in childhood." There is, no doubt, a difference in children, some condoning and soon forgetting a whipping; while others are thrown into such a state as Jacob Abbott describes. A mother once told me that after "threatening" to whip a child, and then feeling obliged to keep her word, the little girl "screamed a few minutes," and then put her arms round her neck and kissed her. But with another child the effect was quite different. In this second case the child (four years old) shook his fist at his mother, shrieking with furious passion: "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" And I have heard a woman of mature years speak of receiving such a punishment in early childhood, saying, "The worst of it was it taught me to be angry." When we remember what even our gentle Saviour said of those who "cause one of these little ones to offend," we shall think it a very serious thing to arouse in a child feelings of anger and hatred.

The certainty of punishment, not its severity, makes it effective. A common mistake is to allow disobedience several times, and then punish severely. This is both unjust and useless. Yet we often hear a mother say, as if she were doing exactly the right thing: "I really felt obliged to punish him at last. I had told him so many times

that I would do so, if he disobeyed again." This is an excellent method of teaching a child disobedience.

Of one thing I am very sure. Children should never be whipped for a "naughty temper." Faults of temper are different from wilfulness or disobedience. They require very wise and tender handling. "When the mysterious and complex chords of a child's mind are jangled and out of tune, he cannot do the thing he would, though he does not know why." When we remember how hard it is for a grown person to control an impatient mood, and how much physical conditions have to do with nervous irritability, I think we shall agree that, while habits of self-control are of the utmost importance, and cannot be too perseveringly and patiently taught, harsh punishment is here both cruel and out of place.

I cordially agree with the writer in the value she places on these habits of self-control. I recall a lecture from an eminent philanthropist, who said he had visited thousands of prisons, poorhouses, and insane asylums, and every inhabitant of all these places had been brought there by the want of self-control. Few parents fear so sad an end for their children as is here suggested. But I think all want something better for their children than merely to keep them out of a prison or an insane asylum!

The absurdity of representing a mother who does not believe in whipping as *therefore* having no other resource than dragging a child roughly by the arm, exclaiming, "Naughty child!" is so manifest that it is not necessary to answer it. Of course, punishment must be adapted to the child's character and disposition, and should be inflicted good-naturedly, often with the consent and co-operation of the child, who in a reasonable mood, and if his mother has always shown sympathy for him, and formed in him a habit of coming to her frequently and talking over his plans, thoughts, and feelings, will be quite ready to agree that, "if he forgets," it will be best to have some penalty, which he may assist in naming.

Much more might be said, but I hope that others will take up the subject from the side of personal experience.

Sister Constance.

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Please send all material for this department to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.]

An Interview with the Statue of Liberty.

1. If you went to see the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, how would you address her?
2. If she should fall into the river, what would she become?
3. Why wouldn't the Statue of Liberty like to sleep on Brooklyn Bridge?
4. What would you say to her if you should meet her walking up Broadway?

Charades.

1.

A small receptacle my *first*.

A large one my *next* you'll find.

To do my *third* is common

To my *fourth* and all mankind.

To be my *whole* is to be perverse,

Not a coveted reputation,

But one which all would wisely avoid,

Whatever be their station.

E. P. P.

My *first's* just perceptible, slight,

My *last* is effulgent, bright,

My *whole* through the day and the night

Leaves naught in its train but blight.

E. P. P.

Conundrums.

1. Why is an idle school-boy like a postage stamp?
2. Why is a little dog's tail like the heart of a tree?
3. When is a lawyer like a beast of burden?
4. Why are Quinine and Gentian like the Germans?
5. Spell enemy with three letters.
6. Why is love like a canal boat?
7. Why did the early martyrs prefer being burned to being beheaded?

Enigma.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 23, 2, 30, 14, 11, 24, is a slope.

My 20, 25, 6, 27, is a game.

My 16, 19, 5, 22, 3, is a capital of one of the United States.

My 12, 17, 9, 31, is found in Holland.

My 26, 1, 7, 13, is a mythological character.

My 15, 10, 21, 28, 8, is a fog-horn.

My 18, 29, 4, 20, is an obstruction.

My whole is a quotation from one of Hannah More's poems.

Answers to Puzzles in October Number.

Drop-letter Puzzle.

1. Grain—rain.
2. Kate—skate—ate.
3. Score—core—ore.
4. Friend—fiend—find—fin—in—I.

Crosswords.

Waist-coat—arch—lime—tart—encyclopaedia—rebel—Sinai—chess—oakum—tarantula—tarn.

Charades.

1. Quicksand. 2. Fox-chase. 3. Matchless.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

The new trial of Dreyfus had not begun when I was in Paris, but the subject occupied every one's thoughts. I found myself examining the faces of the men that I met, to see if there were a good proportion of the French with an expression of honesty and steadiness. Several events during the last year or two had shaken my confidence in the integrity of the French character, and I began to be afraid that there were not enough "righteous men" to save the nation. So I found myself, half involuntarily, noting the expression of the clerks in shops, cabmen, guardians of galleries and museums, etc. The result was encouraging. I thought a good many looked honest and trustworthy; and, as every American must wish well to the country of Lafayette, I felt happy that I could candidly give this testimony. The result of the trial is certainly very depressing to all well-wishers of France. The great fault of the French race seems to be valuing reputation above character, what seems rather than what is, what is said of them rather than the consciousness of rectitude. Of course, this is very corrupting; and the false idea of honor thus engendered leads to infamy. What is strange is that such defections from the path of rectitude are often punished by exactly the result which the transgressor de-

sires to avoid; and the French, who have such a desire for praise and admiration, have exposed themselves to the execration of the civilized world. Painful as the experience of the last month has been, there is always hope for an individual or for a nation when the "Man of Sin" has been revealed openly. Let corruption be exposed, and there may be a cure.

In the midst of the great, splendid, gaudy city I found a little nest of simplicity, earnestness, and even poverty in the little "Église libre Protestante" on the Rue de Provence, or, rather, just off it. A modest little, bare, whitewashed room, upstairs (like the "upper chamber" of the early disciples); but it was more like home, and like a little church where I used to go in my childhood (and which is described in one of Dr. Holmes's early books), than anything I found abroad. The worshippers had an air of seriousness and earnestness, and none looked very prosperous in regard to this world's goods. The only thing that seemed at all what we call "French" about the service was a certain degree of vehemence in the preaching of the minister; but, as there was also the simplicity and unconsciousness, which are the one thing needful in a religious service, and especially in prayer, this did not injure the effect. There was congregational singing,—another thing that made me feel at home,—and the hymns were very sweet, so that they brought tears into my eyes. It is so true, as a friend of mine used to say, that the hymn-book is the real communion service. After the service, most of the congregation stayed to speak to each other, just as they do in our own church at home. I wanted to speak to some one, also. So I asked a kindly-looking man who had a little boy with him, and whom I suspected of being a volunteer leader of the singing, where I could buy the hymn-book; and he kindly wrote down the address for me.

Just before I left Paris, I went on Sunday evening with a friend to hear Père Hyacinthe speak in the hall of some society in the Rue de Grenelle. It seems he was giving a series of addresses on religious subjects on successive Sunday evenings. It often happens in travelling that some little thing that we do not plan, but that comes in accidentally, is of special interest. It

was so in this case. Even the drive along the river, in the long June twilight, was strangely beautiful; and I had quite a new sight of Paris in this way. As we passed the Place de la Concorde, I asked the driver whether he could tell me exactly where the guillotine had stood. (I had several times before asked this question, without obtaining any answer.) Apparently, I had come to the right person this time; for I received a prompt answer that the guillotine stood "there, exactly where that marble group is on the corner (!)." By way of giving me interesting information, the driver also explained that it was there that Marie Antoinette's head had been cut off "and carried on a pike." Lest I should think this a too startling illustration of the vivacity of the French character, he apologized by adding that "Marie Antoinette had said that the people might eat grass when they were starving." (Every reader of Carlyle will remember that it was Foulon who said that.) I answered: "I do not think it was Marie Antoinette who said that. They were cruel words. But it was not she who said them." He assured me that, if I "would read history" (!), I should find that it was as he had said. I was obliged to give up the defence of Marie Antoinette. His next topic was the present crisis in French affairs (apropos of our passing the Chamber of Deputies). "We need a Napoleon I.!" said he. "Napoleon I. did a great deal of harm to France," I remarked. "Yes—," he said hesitatingly (a French person never contradicts), "at last he did. But that was because he was betrayed by his generals." It seemed strange to find this survival, after a hundred years, of the hatred and slanders of Marie Antoinette, and of the Napoleonism which so nearly ruined France in the early part of the century. I had hoped that the French were cured of this disease by Napoleon III. and the Franco-Prussian War.

We had to wait some time before the doors into the hall were opened, and found that the "Société Protectrice des Animaux" had its headquarters in the same building, —an item that interested me, as I think that all foreigners visiting Paris might do a great deal of good by joining this society.

The address was on the duty of always and under all circumstances speaking the exact truth, regardless of consequences. It

was given extempore, with great fire and fervor, and received with enthusiasm and with frequent applause. No doubt the situation in France made this subject peculiarly interesting. I was very glad to have the opportunity both of hearing the address—really a sort of sermon—and of observing the audience. It made me feel that there really were "ten righteous men to save the State."

The drive back was wonderfully beautiful. The red light had faded and the large stars were out, and were reflected in the river. So were the many lights of the city. As we drove across the bridge and up the Champs Élysées, all seemed to be one great illumination. This is the way I shall remember Paris. It seemed a prophecy of what all our national and popular life shall become. Some time all that is low and squalid will be really gone, and all will be purity and brightness.

The next day I left Paris. But, before I went, I joined the "Société Protectrice des Animaux." So my arm is still over the Paris cab-horses. For the benefit of those travelers who would like to do the same, I will give the address of the society's headquarters, No. 84 Rue de Grenelle. L. F. C.

LETTERS.

Cheerful Letter Friends:

You have been so kind to respond to my call for reading that I feel you should know how the work progresses. I attempt to acknowledge all reading sent me; but some packages have no address or card, consequently I have no way of expressing my thanks except through our Editor's kindness. The *Century*, which one friend sends, has eleven readings before it passes my knowledge.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* goes among five families before it is laid on the shelf. For a "shut-in" who prefers, I send several together. *Atlanta Constitution* (received very promptly every week or ten days) is given to a ranchman, who passes it on, till it finally rests in the home of a miner forty miles from Custer. He once lived in Georgia, and treasures every word from his old home.

The *Farm and Fireside* and papers of

like resemblance, I have a list of ranchmen or their wives who can enjoy them. As a rule, they are glad to "pass on"; but some only wish to loan. All odd magazines and novels are given to the miners, with but few exceptions. I also see that a leaflet or tract is slipped into these bundles.

I am sometimes at a loss to know what to do, the call on me for reading is so great. I received a note from a "sheep-herder" seventy miles away for something to read. I have told all who come to me to come again, and tell those who would care to read to ask for it. In this way, I'm known as "the woman who gives away reading." I am careful when a stranger comes to give *some* thing; but, before they come again, I try to know something of them and their surroundings. In this way I feel I can do the most real *good*. I have succeeded finally in alluring some of our youths of both sex into reading, and I have been especially cautious what was the character of the reading I loaned and read aloud.

Thanking you all most cordially, I am very gratefully,

MRS. H. J. ORR,
Custer, So. Dak.

AT REST.

Mrs. Frank Etta Taber on the 22d September quietly passed from this world, where she has suffered so much from lung trouble, to her home in heaven. She left a husband, and four children: Elmer, eighteen; Ben, fourteen; Harry, twelve; Neda, the only little girl, eight. Mrs. Taber was a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange. The last word she said to me was, "What a blessing *The Cheerful Letter* has been to me and mine!" She said, "Miss H.'s letters have brightened many a weary hour with me." She showed Miss H.'s photo, which afforded her much pleasure. Mrs. Taber was an industrious woman, a kind neighbor, and a friend. She was a true believer in God's love. She drew near to him, and he was to her a Father and Friend. She was a member of the Christian church. I don't know what more I can say. *Cheerful Letter* friends, you little know the good seeds you are sowing.

Sincerely,

MELISSA E. OADES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, December 1, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

All interested in this work are cordially invited to be present.

Please notice the change in the address of our Book Club secretary, from 2 Webster Street, Allston, to 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

In sending requests or offers of books, it is essential to address these communications to the *Book Club* (secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols). If addressed to the editor, these letters are in some cases postponed, in others altogether omitted. See directions in every number of *The Cheerful Letter*.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, 53 Linden Street, Brookline, or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.